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SOME MOHEGAN-PEQUOT LEGENDS.

THE accompanying are some of the stories that are told at the firesides of the Mohegan-Pequot Indians still remaining in the State of Connecticut. As usual with such people, the tales are frequently to be heard in the winter months, when there is little to be done out of doors, and the time is consumed in making baskets, brooms, axehelves, and bows for sale among the whites. The approach of winter with its comparative idleness brings to these people an awakening of their Indian blood, which results in dancing, to the music of "fiddle and tom-tom," and in story-telling, to enliven the long winter evenings. Of course the tales show certain elements borrowed from the whites, but as the tribe is of about fifty per cent. Indian blood, we might say that their traditions contain the same amount of native matter. In speaking of the first story it is needless to do more than mention the exceedingly general nature of the incident; slightly variant versions of it have been found throughout the continent.

A more detailed account of the Mohegan-Pequots may be found in the "American Anthropologist" (vol. v. pp. 193-212) by J. Dyneley Prince, Ph. D., and F.G. Speck, and the writer published a more typically indigenous Chahnameed legend in the Journal of American Folk-Lore (vol. xvi. No. lxii. pp. 104-107, to which was added a philological analysis of the word "Chahnameed" by Professor Prince. William Jones has suggested that "Chahnameed may be analogous to the Sauk and Fox "*kî amō wä*," "one who goes about eating (people)."

CHAHNAMEED, THE GLUTTON.

He Wins the Eating Match.

Chahnameed and another man had a dispute. Each said that he could eat more than the other, so it was soon decided to hold a contest. But before the time came, Chahnameed went home and got a large bag. He fastened it under his coat with the opening near his throat so that he could pour food into it. He wanted to deceive them, so he did it well.

Now they held the contest. A barrel of soup was brought, and the two began to eat. It was only that other man who ate, because Chahnameed was really stuffing the soup into the bag. But the people did not know that. He was fooling them. Now the other man could eat no more. He had to give up. But Chahnameed laughed and said:—

"Come on! Don't stop! I am not full yet."

All the people laughed, but they did not know why. Soon even Chahnameed stopped. The bag was nearly full.

"Now I will show you. Give me that knife," said Chahnameed.

"Will you do what I do?" he asked the other man.

Then he made ready to stick the knife they gave him into his stomach. But he would only stick it into the bag. The people did not know that. The other man was beaten, but now he said that he would do what Chahnameed did. Then Chahnameed stabbed the bag where his stomach was. And the soup ran out. Everybody thought that he really stabbed himself, but Chahnameed laughed at them all. Then the other man stabbed his stomach. But he died.

CHAHNAMEED SQUEEZES THE STONE.

Once there was a man who thought he knew more tricks than Chahnameed. He told him so. Now Chahnameed said:—

"Can you squeeze water out of a stone?"

And taking a piece of curd with him he began to climb a tree. Every one thought that he had a stone in his hand, but he did n't. The curds looked just like a white stone. When he got to the top of the tree he stretched out his hand and squeezed. Water dripped from the curds and fell down on the ground. All the time the people thought that he was squeezing water out of a stone. Then he came down. The other man was there.

"Well! Do that now," said Chahnameed.

And the other man picked up a stone that was lying near by and started up the tree. When he got to the top he held out his hand and squeezed the stone. But no water came. Then he squeezed harder, and soon he squeezed so hard that the sharp edges of the stone cut his hand until it bled. He had to come down. That made the people more afraid of Chahnameed than ever.

WHY LOVERS SHOULD NEVER BECOME JEALOUS.

A young Mohegan man and girl were very much in love with each other. The older people would say, —

"Ah, k'numshni! Look at that! They are very happy."

One day the young man shot a deer. He brought it to his loved one and laid it in her house. Now he suddenly became jealous. Well, the reason is not known. Then he seized the horns of the deer and rushed up to her. He pressed them upon her forehead.

Now they grew there, and no one could get them off her head. They were going to grow right through the top of the wigwam. So her family became very anxious. Then they sent for the shaman. He brought a magic oil and rubbed it on the joints of the horns. Soon these joints began to crack, and then they dropped off.

The young man went away from that town, but never came back. The girl's head was all right.

Frank G. Speck.